Harvest Moon

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by ira_agni

Summary

Will Graham only found true happiness once he realised that a single alpha partner simply wasn't enough to deal with the intensity of his heat cycles.

Yet even with three alphas taking turns caring for him, the full moon after the autumn equinox brings unforseen surprises for them all.

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A Horny Hannigram Autumn Adventures 2023 bingo prompt fill for 'breeding'.

Nigel

Even if it is Hannibal who is the first to notice among them the precursors of Will's impending heat, it is not him who takes care of the omega first. That honour and duty among them falls to Nigel.

Nigel, who is the most hot-headed among them, the most recklessly passionate and possessive.

Nigel, who will never pass up on an excuse or opportunity to crowd Will's space, take a firm hold of his butt cheeks, nip at his neck and nape and whisper all those sweet, gloriously filthy words into his ears.

He excites Will, he challenges him in just the degree he needs, full of flirtatious banter and praise, reassuring the omega just how wanted he is, how needed, how perfect and sexy and oh, so *breedable*.

And thus, their routine of Will's heat cycles not seldom begins with a late, yet always postponed breakfast, and Nigel feasting on their omega instead.

Will's moans and whimpers and barely suppressed screams of pleasure gently echo through their house, holding onto the edge of their dining table for dear life as Nigel licks and bites at his nipples, fingertips catching the first, gentle trickle of slick between his legs. He spreads it on him like lube, making the glide of his fingers easier as he sinks them inside of Will, one after another, pleasuring Will in the same instance as he carefully gages how far along in his heat he is, how much he's already able to take.

Despite Nigel's ever present impatience and high sex drive, it is always up to Will to make the final call; to let his alphas know when he's ready, when he wants them and needs them and doesn't care for the suppressants he could easily replace their advances with.

Suppressants which Will has rarely ever paid any mind to at all anymore; not since he has found the perfect pack and union with the alphas in his life - Nigel, Duncan, and Hannibal.

Will leans his head back, welcoming the touch of Nigel's lips on his neck, burying his hands in his hair.

"Just fuck me already, Nigel-...!"

Nigel grins softly, his teeth grazing the scar of the shared mating bite mark all three of them left on Will, while he increases the pace with which he thrusts his fingers into him, enjoying the way the omega's hips jerk and twitch, desperate to take him in deeper, faster, harder.

"You sure about that, gorgeous? Hannibal said it might take another day or two for your heat to fully kick in…"

Will pulls at his hair, facing him, his blue eyes dark and sparkling with the deepest, most intense arousal Nigel has ever seen on any omega in his life.

“Go get Duncan, then, if you don’t fucking dare to handle me by yourself…”

As much as the comment pisses him off, Nigel can’t help but grin back at Will, enjoying the profanity he coaxes out of him so easily during those first few, intense days of heat.

“You asked for it, sweetheart…”

Will feels the hair at the back of his neck stand on end at the growl in Nigel’s voice, their first time during his heat cycles always making the anticipation of their initial moment of bonding, the first knot he’s going to take so much more intense and gratifying.

Will gasps softly, sighing with frustration as he feels Nigel pull back his fingers, before he props himself up on his elbows, his eyes lingering on Nigel’s hands as he takes off his underwear, freeing his cock, the knot already swelling at the base of it.

Will scoots just a little closer to the edge of the table, intently watching the alpha as he positions himself, taking a hold of Will’s thighs, finally pushing inside of him.

Nigel drowns Will’s ecstatic scream in a kiss, forever stuck between wanting to demonstrate to the other alphas just how well he’s taking care of their omega, while also wanting to keep some of Will’s most beautifully arousing moments all to himself.

He tightens his grip on Will, making sure he doesn’t go too fast quite yet, doesn’t hurt himself, yet all it takes for Nigel’s restraint to crumble is the way Will wraps his legs around his hips, pulling him deeper with every thrust, nails scratching over Nigel’s back as he fucks himself open on the girth of his knot.

“Nigel-... Fuck, you feel so good-...!”

Will pulls him into another kiss, deep and hungry and breathless, whimpering softly against his lips as he finally feels Nigel’s knot swell to completion, locking in place, the sensation of the alpha cuming inside of him enough to push Will over the edge as well, holding onto Nigel for dear life.

Nigel keeps rocking their hips shallowly and slowly, enjoying the lasting sensation of friction and pleasure it gives them both, kissing Will until he slowly comes back around to him.

“Feeling better, gorgeous?”

Will chuckles, happy and breathless, and he lets himself be kissed again.

Both of them know that whatever intense sensation of desire and instinctual attraction overcame them, it will soon return to them much stronger and more demanding than before.

Duncan

As insatiable and demanding as Nigel can be, he would never admit that being the sole alpha to care for Will during the first few days of his heat still takes a lot out of him. He is constantly around Will, barely keeping his hands off of him, ready to hold and to please, to caress and to fuck him senseless as much as he needs, foregoing sleep and regular meals to make sure the raging, destructive and all-consuming fire of Will's heat is kept at bay so their omega can be as comfortable as possible.

Nigel swears and complains plenty, always having something to add to the conversation no matter how unproductive; yet he would never complain about Will.

Never would he ever utter a single bad word about him, about their omega, and instead he would be forever comfortable in the sensation of losing himself to the needs of his mate, no matter the cost, ever too prideful to admit he is in need of help or support.

He can feel it in the way Hannibal's scent changes when he looks at him, in the subtle shift in tone in Duncan's voice when he speaks, that they know Nigel is about to be reckless and stupid, putting his own health on the line to keep their omega satisfied and happy.

It is only when Duncan's firm, rough hand comes to rest on Nigel's shoulder one night after dinner that Nigel truly feels the exhaustion in his bones, the impending headache of sleep deprivation and an overwhelming amount of pheromones in his blood. He feels a sense of relief wash over him, knowing Will will be taken care of, and loved so much more than he can give him right now without walking himself right back into the flames.

"I'll take it from here, Nigel."

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Will smiles as he is awoken from his blissful nap by a kiss, the stubble against his skin and change in scent in the air around him immediately announcing the presence of a different, yet very specific alpha to him.

He smiles sleepily as he looks up at Duncan, feeling his thumb gently and lovingly caress the curve of his cheek bone.

"Am I getting that bad again…?" Will mumbles, stretching comfortably, knowing that Duncan will only take over once Will's drive to mate with an alpha has become too insatiable, too dangerous for Nigel alone to handle.

"Not bad," Duncan reassures calmly, sinking into Will's embrace as the omega opens his arms for him. "You know how Nigel gets. But he's okay, and Hannibal is taking care of him. There is nothing for you to worry about…"

Will can't help but feel guilty, yet the feeling is soon soothed by Duncan's touch, erased from his mind as the alpha's hands roam his body, rough, yet gentle in their manner.

Especially during longer, more intense phases of heat, it is Duncan whom Will and the other men can rely on, ensuring that Will will be well taken care of beyond the point of what Nigel is capable of handling.

Initially, Nigel had felt threatened by the oldest alpha among them outperforming him, jealous to the point of bloodshed between them, which ended up demonstrating to him all the better that Duncan was not to be underestimated.

Just as strong, calculating and persevering as Hannibal, it was the raw, honest way in which Duncan carried himself in their intimate moments that made all the difference to Will; Duncan knew exactly what Will wanted, what he needed, and he granted him the freedom to indulge in his most submissive, primal instincts, never asking, never denying, never stopping before Will could barely remember his own name.

“Duncan-...!”

Will whimpers hoarsely, face pressed into the sheets, Duncan’s hand firm and soothing at the same time as he holds him down by the back of his neck, causing even more slick to run down the insides of Will’s trembling thighs, barely able to keep himself on his knees.

Duncan’s other hand is taking a strong hold of Will’s hip, holding him, dictating the rhythm of their motions as he carefully, yet relentlessly thrusts his fully grown knot in and out of Will, stretching and pleasuring him to an extent Will never thought possible.

Every time he moves, Will feels his mind going completely blank, body numb and out of his control, panting, drooling, writhing underneath Duncan as every new, small and exhilaratingly overwhelming orgasm rips through him, every time he feels the knot inside himself too overstimulating, too pleasuring, too painful, too ecstatic-

“Oh, fuck-...”

Will feels his heart in his throat, fingers aching as he clenches them in the sheets, tears of pure bliss and overstimulation losing themselves in the fabric beneath him. He wants to say something, to reach out to his alpha, to beg him for more, yet again, Duncan understands him without words.

With a last, final push, Duncan allows Will to truly savour the feeling of his knot inside him, thumb gently caressing his nape as he holds him down more forcefully, already anticipating the way Will is squirming underneath him now, screaming and crying as he feels him spill his seed inside of him.

Duncan’s other hand reaches around him, stroking Will’s spent cock through the dry orgasm, before he leans over Will, his tongue licking the sweat off his skin before he gently bites at the mating mark all three of his alphas left on him.

Hannibal

Will can never exactly tell how the lines got blurred in the first place, where Duncan ended and Hannibal began. How the two more mature alphas found their rhythm with him, sometimes taking turns, sometimes keeping their time with him during his heat strictly separate. Yet somehow, some way, they always get it just right.

Will often thinks perhaps they were meant to be this way, like two sides of the same coin: If Duncan is the raging, stormy waves on the surface, Hannibal is the deadly current beneath.

He doesn't know how they understand him so much better than Will could ever understand himself, yet when Will loses himself in Duncan's embrace and finds himself awakening in that of Hannibal, it is as satisfying and reassuring as a last, final puzzle piece softly clicking into place.

Hannibal is no less passionate than Nigel, no less open to more advanced and intimidating practices than Duncan, yet Hannibal is the only one who can so seamlessly, so reassuringly blur the lines between instinctual heat and deeply personal intimacy, bringing Will back to their everyday lives without him even noticing the absence of the pain of his heat.

Hannibal's touch is possessive and reassuring, demanding and delicate, dominant and vulnerable. There is a depth to the way he holds Will, kisses him, makes him surrender total control over his body to him.

Where Nigel and Duncan carry themselves more openly, it is the potential in Hannibal that keeps Will on his toes; the potential for passion, for cruelty, for violence and gentleness. In Hannibal, Will finds whichever mirror image he seeks, and he knows the alpha feels just the same about him, forever drawn to their complementary relationship.

Will moans softly, his hand gently seeking Hannibal's, traversing along the arm wrapped around him from behind.

Hannibal thrusts into him slowly and deeply, lips caressing the curve of Will's neck and shoulder, sensitive to every reaction of the omega, no matter how small.

Despite his arousal, the deep, guttural longing he feels, Will can tell that the height of his heat has passed, leaving him just a little more level-headed, more appreciative of Hannibal's reassuring and gentle touch.

"Hannibal-... More-..." Will pleads softly, turning his head just enough to unite their lips in a kiss, longing, yet gentle, his whole body tensing slightly against Hannibal's as he feels him thrust into him faster, deeper, gladly obeying his wishes.

Will melts against him as Hannibal wraps one of his hands around his cock, stroking him in the rhythm of his thrusts, making sure Will comes in the same instance as Hannibal's knot fully settles inside of him.

Will interlaces their fingers, panting softly, his hand moving along with Hannibal's as the alpha places it on his chest, feeling his heartbeat as he places a kiss to the mark of Will's mating bite.

"I can't believe… you haven't grown tired of me yet…"

Will's voice is quiet, barely carried in the air around him, yet he finds Hannibal to kiss him all the same.

"There is much beauty to be found in your unbecoming. And in your becoming."

Will smiles, shaking his head softly at the way Hannibal's rational thinking is so much more prevalent in this situation than his own.

He, too, has often attempted to protest Hannibal's way of kissing his heat goodbye, yet soon surrendered his feelings of shame and protest to those of utter pleasure, readily spreading his legs for Hannibal to taste him, licking and kissing the remnants of their pheromones off his skin, devoutly devouring him one last time that night.

One last time before Will finally gives in to the restful sleep that reaches out to him from the depths of his soul, feeling safe and sated and understood as he closes his eyes, surrounded by the alphas that suffocated the unruly fires of his heat.

Full Moon

Rarely in his life has Hannibal ever doubted his sense of smell, and even less so his instincts; yet despite how very untimely it seems, he cannot shake the impression that has continued to build rapidly over the past few days ever since the passing of the autumn equinox, like a freak wave forming on deceptively calm waters.

It is only when he wakes up in the middle of the night, lured out of his dreams by the pheromones equally conveying their omega's arousal and distress, that he finds his impressions of Will's extraordinarily untypical heat cycle to be confirmed.

Will is barely awake, eyes and cheeks glowing with the feverish heat burning him from the inside out, clutching his pillow as he tries to make sense of how miserable and disoriented he feels, sweat glistening on his bare skin in the bright light of the full harvest moon.

"Will…"

Will closes his eyes as Hannibal lays a hand on him, whimpering, incredibly sensitive to his touch.

"I will be right back. I will go get the others. Stay here."

Will looks after him, panicked at the sight of him leaving, yet too weak, too consumed by the burning desire inside of him to move. He sighs quietly, moving one of his hands between his legs, feeling how incredibly wet he is, his cock hard and leaking against his stomach, desperate to be touched.

Will feels like he can't breathe, like he will never be okay again, empty and useless without a knot inside of him, breeding him, making use of the alluring pheromones his body so willingly gives away.

"There, now… No need to cry, gorgeous…"

Will feels how wet his lashes are when he opens his eyes, unaware of the gentle sobs that rock his body, yet the relief spreads through his entire body like ripples on quiet waters from where Nigel touches him, soft and reassuring.

He can feel Duncan's broad chest against his back as he lies down behind him, his hand running slow, soothing circles over his ass cheek before he reaches between his thighs, rough, strong fingers slowly coating themselves in Will's slick before he pushes two of them inside.

Will arches his back, moaning hoarsely at the sensation of finally feeling one of his alpha's inside of him, yet it's still not enough, not nearly filling him up as much as he needs. He reaches out to Nigel in front of him, clawing at his chest, trying to pull him closer.

"Easy, tiger…" Nigel chuckles softly, finally leaning in to kiss him, slow and deep and so longingly Will is close to tears again when Nigel parts from him. He watches as Nigel sticks

two of his fingers in his mouth, generously coating them in their saliva, before he nudges Will's thighs apart, his fingers pushing inside their omega alongside Duncan's with no resistance.

Will screams, desperately bucking his hips, trying to get them to move, yet all he gets is slow, shallow thrusts.

"Right… you were so fucking right, Hannibal…" Nigel mumbles between kisses to Will's neck, slowly pulling back his fingers, wrapping his hand around Will's cock instead.

"You said it started tonight?" Duncan confirms, his gaze wandering from Hannibal to the large, bright moon outside.

"The actual heat symptoms, yes," Hannibal agrees calmly, one of his hands running through Nigel's hair, slowly and sensually before he redirects him, tilting his head so he will kiss Will's lips again instead of his neck. "It must have begun shortly before I went to get you…"

"So… how do we deal with this, then?" Nigel hums, unsure of how to navigate such a drastic, almost overwhelming shift in Will's pheromones on his own.

"Like we always do," Duncan replies, his gaze calm and confident as he meets Nigel's eyes. "Together."

"In the most literal sense, this time," Hannibal agrees, leaning in closer, replacing Nigel's fingers inside of Will alongside Duncan's with his own, enjoying the muffled noises of pleasure from their omega it earns him.

He leans in closer, capturing Duncan's lips in a deep, possessive kiss, both of them treading a fine line of dominance and violence, barely resisting a nip at Duncan's bottom lip before he pulls back.

Will whines softly as Hannibal pulls Nigel away from him, just enough to kiss him in much the same manner as he did Duncan, deeper, messier, a little more aggressive this time, putting their youngest alpha in his place.

Finally, Hannibal's fingers gently trace the line of Will's jaw, thumb sliding over his lips as he directs him to open his mouth, uniting their lips and tongues in a kiss so longing, so full of the pheromones of his alphas that Will can do nothing but surrender, coming for the first time that night between their bodies.

"Who do you want first, love?" Hannibal asks, quiet and gentle once Will has caught his breath, gently pushing a few curls out of his face.

Will can feel his body deciding for him, sinking further into the warm, strong embrace of the alpha behind him, aching for the girth of his cock and knot inside of him.

"D-Duncan-..."

Nigel growls softly, yet backs off slightly, eyes fixed on Duncan behind Will.

Hannibal carefully pulls out his fingers, giving Duncan more space to do the same, to pull Will into his lap and onto his cock instead, angling the omega's right leg slightly so he can reach into him deeper in their sideways position.

Will mewls softly, writhing in the sheets as Duncan pounds into him, making him feel so ridiculously used and useful, satisfying the alpha inside him as best he can.

Will's mouth opens with a voiceless scream, eyes fluttering shut as he finally feels Duncan's knot inside him, snug and firm and *perfect*, and Will clenches around him harder, not wanting to lose even a single drop of his cum.

Duncan's hands roam his body, caressing him, worshipping him, and Will feels like crying with relief when he feels the alpha not pull out after his knot goes down again, but starting to slowly thrust into him again instead.

Will feels hot and raw and needy, and the sensation of Duncan's rough hands on his skin paired with the obscene sounds they make with every move, the way his alpha drives his seed deep inside of him, is all his heat-drunk mind needs to feel calm for another moment.

Hannibal observes Nigel closely as he watches Duncan and Will, the way the pulse at his neck quickens, possessiveness and impatience seeping into his scent like the stain of spilled wine into a handwoven tablecloth.

Silently Hannibal slips behind Nigel, wrapping one arm around his waist, his other hand running through his hair again, pulling just a bit more tightly at the strands in a dominant gesture of warning.

Nigel shivers slightly as Hannibal's breath ghosts his skin, voice low and quiet, teeth nipping at his neck.

"Behave, Nigel… Do not make me put a collar on you again…"

Nigel growls quietly, yet the intimidating sound quickly makes way for one of arousal, feeling Hannibal's other hand wrapping around his shaft, stroking him slowly and firmly, Will's scent still lingering on his fingers.

"You'll be good for us, won't you?"

Hannibal can feel the low rumbling in Nigel's chest, and he strokes him harder, feeling the knot beginning to swell at the base.

Nigel reaches behind himself, pulling Hannibal into a rough kiss, teeth and tongue, biting and licking, letting him taste just how aroused he is, how ready he is to care for their omega.

"I'll be fucking stellar…"

"Good. Because he needs you…"

Nigel chuckles breathlessly.

"And you? What do you need, Hannibal?"

Hannibal simply smiles, eyes dark and calculating.

Nigel growls as Hannibal's hand wraps around him so tightly it hurts, his other hand now firmly kneading his ass.

"Right now, I need you to take care of Will."

The younger alpha feels like he can't breathe, overtaken with lust and instincts as he meets Will's gaze; watches the omega slowly slip out of Duncan's embrace, just to roll onto his belly, draw his knees close to his chest and *present* for Nigel.

Nigel growls, deep and possessive, his hands eagerly and hungrily wandering over Will's skin, exploring his naked body, enjoying the way he arches his back even more as he touches him.

Nigel lines himself up, eyes dark and hungry as he watches the way he slowly buries himself in the omega's body.

Will moans loudly, impatiently moving his hips, gripping the sheets beneath him for leverage.

"God, you're so fucking hot-... So gorgeous for us-..."

Nigel can feel Will tense around him at the praise, the way he tries to move his hips even closer to him, eagerly following the rhythm the alpha's hands on him dictate.

"Nigel…!"

Will buries his face in the sheets as he feels like crying with bliss, the relief of the demanding heat right beneath his skin soothed with every touch, every thrust, every bit of attention and love his alphas bestow upon him.

He can feel Nigel try to push in harder, deeper, until finally his knot slips inside of him. The stretch of it is almost too much to bear, yet just right, just what Will needs, clenching around Nigel more, finally getting him to come deep inside of him.

Will needs a moment to breathe, to gather his wits as he calms down from his own orgasm, feeling deeply satisfied with being bred by yet another of his alphas, yet when he opens his eyes, the sight before him is almost enough to push him over the edge again right then and there.

"Fuck, Will-!"

Nigel gasps as he tenses around him even harder, the omega's whole body shivering with arousal as he watches Duncan and Hannibal beside them.

Hannibal is lying on his back with Duncan on top of him, the former assassin's skin pale and white where the moonlight meets his countless scars, his whole frame enveloping Hannibal's

as they kiss, deep and rough and with a sense of raw longing to it that makes Will's insides twist.

Duncan smiles as he sees the expression on his face, senses the new wave of arousal that washes over their omega.

"You want him, don't you, sweetheart?"

Will nods immediately, whimpering quietly as he feels Nigel pull out, his fingers slowly chasing the cum dripping from his hole, pushing it back inside of him.

"Want him-... Want all of you-..."

Nigel grins, yet the expression in his eyes is softer than before, loving rather than demanding.

"I'm sure that can be arranged, gorgeous. Come here… We'll help you…"

Hannibal gets a little more comfortable on the bed and watches the others as Duncan sits back on his heels, gently keeping Will steady as Nigel pulls him upright into a kiss.

Will sinks into their arms, enjoying their touch, their kisses, their strong and supportive hands on him as they help him manoeuvre on the bed, changing positions so he can now straddle Hannibal's hips.

"Are you comfortable?"

Will laughs breathlessly as he feels Hannibal's hands gently caressing his thighs, his eyes lingering on him, his gaze both longing and caring.

"I'll be a lot more comfortable with you inside me, Hannibal…"

Hannibal smiles, hands reaching Will's hips as he helps position the omega above his cock, slowly pulling him down onto himself.

Will screams silently, thighs quivering as he moves, thankful for Duncan right behind him, leaning against his chest for balance.

Nigel gently pushes a few curls out of Will's face, leaning in closer from beside them as he kisses his neck, one of his hands reaching between WIll's legs, slowly stroking his neglected cock.

Will feels like he can barely breathe as he feels Hannibal's knot finally swell inside of him, riding him harder, faster, desperate to feel him as deeply as he can, to be bred by him, owned, loved and desired so deeply their marks will never leave his body again-

"Hannibal-!!"

Will cries out as he comes, Hannibal's knot hot and firm inside of him, his come painting his insides, finally soothing the burning sense of heat deep inside of him.

Will feels like he is bursting at the seams with all of the feelings inside of him as Hannibal sits up carefully and pulls him into a kiss, deep and longing, just the way Will needs. He is surrounded by his alphas, their hands on his skin, their lips, their love and sweat, pheromones and seed inside of him, claiming him, owning him, reassuring him of their devotion to him down to his bones.

One by one, just the way they did that fateful night so many years ago, Will can feel their teeth sink into his skin, more gentle, less deep and bloody this time rather than with the same urgency of a freshly established bond as they did back then, mating him for the first time.

Each of their bites to his mating scar feels like a kiss to his lips, to the back of his fingers, to his forehead and his nape and cheek; loving him, adoring him, cherishing him as their mate, their omega, their lover just the way he is.

“Well…”

Nigel breaks the silence between them with a sigh and a gentle chuckle, never taking his hand off of Will, savouring this moment of union between the four of them.

“I don’t know that the fuck kinda astrological event was responsible for this… but I sure fucking hope it happens more often…”

“You mean ‘astronomical’...” Duncan corrects with a chuckle, reaching for a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from their nightstand.

“Fucking know-it-all,” Nigel laughs and leans in closer, inhaling the smoke from Duncan’s lips between kisses instead of taking a drag off of the cigarette himself.

Hannibal watches them and smiles, before his full attention finally returns to Will, gently caressing his cheek as he calms down, fully relaxing in his lap.

“Who knows. Perhaps we will experience quite an eventful full moon after the winter solstice this year.”

Will smiles, feeling happy and sated and so completely fucked out and exhausted, glad that the alphas around him still keep him upright in their arms.

“So long as we experience it together…”

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